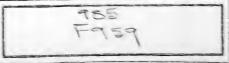


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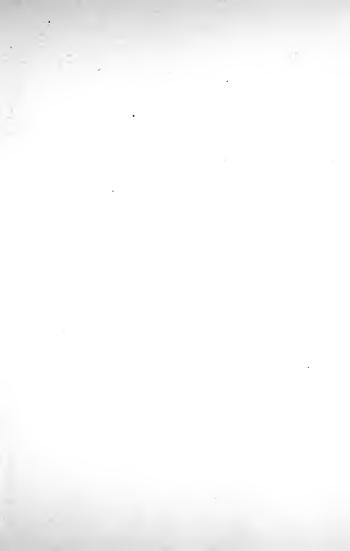
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Sones

Poems

Additionary

B.C.

10274

AHARONIAO

To one who knows me and yet loves me

PS3511 U45 S64 1922 MAIN

Printed for my dear friends of the Bohemian Club San Francisco



Written in a few hours of leisure borrowed from many years of labor

KARL FÜHRMAN

It's damtuff work to write good verse And printing it won't fill my purse; But poetizing is disease That only printer's ink can ease.

Left of Fahrman

an 2



FOREWORD

I take of my own wherever I find it;
Much is from life and little from books.
I choose and reject and select and grind it,
Then give it new birth, and if one deeply looks
He may find that its bones are as old as the Nile,
And yet, if it's clothed in an up-to-date style
And a thought that is worth while's behind it
What matters is source or age: You won't mind it.
For ev'ry good thought has been thought of before;
But here, dear Bohemian, we are at the door.



SEEK

All men and things have good and bad As their component elements And beauty unalloyed or truth Without admixture of the false, Are phantoms and elusive dreams. And yet the chaos that obscures The good, the true, the beautiful Will melt before true wisdom's eye:

Let thine imagery supply
Yon Grecian marble's hidden line:
The jealous fingers of the vine
Hide only from the dullard's view.
Yon forest's black and bodeful mass
Portents but darkness and decay:
Yet, fear not; brave the quaking bog
That intervenes and thou art come
Where violets bloom and lilies float
And nightingale to nightingale
Sings dulcet, wooing lays.

A potent truth is often hid Within a tome of platitudes Go: find the beautiful, reveal The good, where these to shallow eyes Are lost: that is indeed a task To fill the noblest, highest life.

By long and patient search for truth Shall wisdom cull that which is good From old and new philosophy; And then with impulse new and strong The world on eager wings shall rise Tow'rd reason, liberty and light!

TO JACQUELINE

You fear eternal flame and sin you shun, When I suggest one little hour of love, Because no priestly word has made us one.

But recently the priest was reading mass In Latin—and you could not understand— But I have studied in a Latin class.

He said: "O pious Christians; this say I: You surely shall for ev'ry unkissed kiss, One hundred years in hell's fierce fire fry!"

TO PLEASURE

Oh those who never raised the sparkling glass At midnight's happy, care-free hour, And whom no maid with dark, seductive eyes Has tempted to some hidden bower;

Who ne'er forgot the old world's serious sham, And feared its pleasures to explore, How wise are they, how virtuous, and yet No words can say how I abhor!

SALMAGUNDI

All in this world one learns to bear Except that ev'ry day be fair.

Write down bravely what you think: Put no water in your ink!

Daily hear a little song, Read some poet's exalting verse, Look upon a work of art; These refresh your soul and heart; You have wealth tho' empty purse.

Would you estimate your value? Contemplate no more, but act; Face your duty's trying stress: You shall know if you possess Pow'r, ability and tact.

Man's not here to solve the problem Of the world, but he should find Where the problem does begin; That done, let him keep within Bounds that circumscribe the mind.

Tread the path of pious truth
Always and where'er you go;
Thus your destiny command.
Pious sham lets falsehood stand
Therefore I do loathe it so!

While your pocket's buttoned tightly Kindness tow'rd you can not live; Open heart and hand to others You shall find all men are brothers; But to take, you first must give.

Is your head and heart a-whirling? Then, indeed, you know the best; For if love no longer thrills you, Nor with woe an error fills you, You would best be laid to rest.

Work is hard and labor bitter When it gives another pelf; But it is akin to pleasure When through work you help yourself.



THE MARQUIS de.....

Hold my horse, one of you loafers there;
Get my sword one of you lazy louts:
In a boudoir I left it, hereabouts,
The lady does not need it; and why stare,
You brazen scoundrel? Lose a falcon's line
His flight I'll follow into heaven's blue,
So I may think and plan a conquest new;
Nor dare disturb me, any of you swine!

ARMAGEDDON

I am all from life's beginning, Dormant in the ancient sea, To the master of the planet, Claiming Godly pedigree.

All the mystic, living forces Move me with resistless surge; Source and goal forever hidden, Plaything of the cosmic urge.

Through laborious, countless eons I have struggled from the soil, Brother of the worm and eagle, Child of Nature's endless toil.

In me blend the fear and cunning Of the timid, hunted hare With the tiger's savage courage Stalking, hungry, from his lair.

I am vice and I am virtue, I am love and I am hate, I am kind and I am cruel, I destroy and I create.

I am Brahma, I am Buddha I am Moses, I am Christ; I shall hang at dawn, a murderer, Brooding, in a cell, despised! I am tyrant over millions, Pow'r of wealth my very God; I'm an old and tattered beggar Whom the pangs of hunger prod.

I kill pallid, little children. In my mines and in my mills; I am shocked and feel compassion When my tread an earth-worm kills.

I am Alfred, I am Ivan, I am just and I'm a knave; I am Lincoln, I am Nero, I set free and I enslave.

I face God at dawn, rejoicing, On a sun-kissed, wind-swept hill; Errant, in the slums at midnight, I seek pangs of lust to still.

Thus am I that great Arena Where a Saint and Demon fight; One for dark and loathsome bondage, One for liberty and light.

When, at last, the Victor rises Bloody, dazed, but Victor still, He shall prove my soul's Saint Michael, My unconquerable will!

ORGY

(Rondeau)

Let Venus reign this rapturous night, And every veil of modesty be rent. An hour ago, and you were prudish, quite: Now in your breast a raging fire is pent.

Blush not for nudity: you should resent That such a form was ever hid from light. Venus shall reign this rapturous night And every veil of modesty be rent.

First, drinking in your lines, I fed my sight, Now passion's fury finds an eager vent: And at our feet sits Cupid, happy sprite, With useless bow, for every arrow's spent, And Venus reigns this rapturous night.

ABENDROT

Mich umtoset Tolles Leben, Bunter Schaum der argen Welt.

And'rer Habgier Neid und Selbstsucht Hat das Leben mir vergällt.

Blasse Wangen, Heisze Tränen, Sehnsuchtsschmerzen—Abendrot:

Schon erstarrt mein Müdes Herze: Komm' herbei—erlös' mich, Tod!

LYRICAL INTERLUDE

(ELEVEN SONGS)

1

MY SECRET

I had a secret none should know, I never would reveal it; 'Twas just between my love and me, No one, I thought, would steal it.

But as I strolled in ecstasy Through fields of blooming clover I could no more contain myself And hummed it o'er and over.

Then came a busy tell-tale bee, Heard me and told the willow; The willow leaning o'er the brook Then told a passing billow.

The billow hurried on and told The mighty river flowing, The river took it to the sea, The sea told all winds blowing.

So all the world our secret knows, A secret now no longer; But why should we care, she and I; It makes our love the stronger.

For love is not a thing for two, Tho' two may well begin it; Unless it take in all the world, Believe, there's nothing in it!

CONSOLATIONS

I know, dear love, I shall not see again The radiant vision that was you, Yet when I seek the mem'ry haunted lane, When silver moonbeams filter through, I see your smile of yore, I see your smile!

I know, dear love, I shall not hear again The mellow music of your voice, Yet when I stray where breezes wave the grain, And larks in azure skies rejoice, I hear your song of yore, I hear your song!

3

To C. N. D.

OUR PARADISE

O, weary world, in darkest hours despairing,
See you no star that beckons from above?
See you no hand that for the least is caring,
Feel you no Pow'r whose wondrous name is Love?
Cast off the chains that in low bondage hold you,
Into the light of God's great love arise;
O, Love Divine, flood ev'ry heart that's beating,
Then 'here and now' shall be our Paradise!

O, blessed hour, that taught us that in giving
There is a joy transcending all we know;
And that our lives are truly worth the living,
If willing hands the seeds of kindness sow.
May ev'ry heart whose faith has won the vict'ry
Send this fond pray'r to Him who holds the skies:
O, Love Divine, bring light to hearts in darkness
Then 'here and now' shall be our Paradise!

To Rosemary

FOR YOU AND ME

I know a bank where daisies blow For you and me; Where dreaming under shady trees I've seen cloud shadows o'er the leas Go sailing in the summer breeze: I know a bank where daisies blow For you and me.

I know a cot with roses crowned For you and me: Where naught is lacking, love, believe, But your sweet presence to relieve My longing heart that else shall grieve: I know a cot with roses crowned For you and me.

I know a Kirkyard on the hill For you and me; Where all the winds of heaven sweep; How sweet, oh dearest, there to sleep, Our souls, at last, in God's own keep: I know a Kirkyard on the hill For you and me.

5

WISHES

Oh, that I were the summer breeze That lingers in your tresses, And steals a kiss from your red lips, And you soft cheek caresses.

Oh, that I were the sunbeam bright That floods the path you're treading; I yearn to be the happy tree That shades o'er you is spreading.

But most I envy one red rose That on your breast is lying, And while its fragrance fills the air, For you is gladly dying!

ONE FLEETING HOUR

When the twilight of eve dims the sun's last ray And the shadows of night gather fast, There is one fleeting hour that I've prayed would stay, Full of joy and of pain that's passed. And perhaps you may know of its wondrous spell, Its smiles and its bitter tears; And emotions arise that no words can tell As you look back o'er the years.

But that one fleeting hour with its dream is gone And the mists of the night slowly rise; Then 'tis well to forget and go bravely on With a smile spite of tear-dimmed eyes. For one fleeting hour can make you strong If you will but heed its call; And then every day shall be one glad song Full of love that conquers all.

7

TWO SEASONS

Gray are the skies o'er the wind-swept hill, The snow-covered valley below lies still, The chill brook is crawling neath icy sheen, And stark branches quiver where leaves were green. So, too, in my heart all is cold and drear Since that bitter hour when you left me, Dear!

But neath the coverlet of the snow The magical spring bids the violets grow, And soon sunny skies and a balmy breeze Shall shower with blossoms the fields and trees. So, too, shall my heart be aglow with cheer When you come again to be near me, Dear!

"IT IS FOR YOU"

It is for you that dawn awakes the flowers Their sweetest fragrance to exhale; It is for you the songbirds in the bowers Sing songs of love on hill and vale; And when the sun, in ardent splendor wooing, In happy spring his promises renewing, On all the fields the blossoms fair is strewing, It is for you; it is for you!

It is for you that countless stars are gleaming Within the vaulted, deep, blue skies; It is for you that night comes with its dreaming, When love sends longing winged on sighs; And when the moon impelled by fond emotion, Eager to prove his ardor and devotion Transmutes to silver all the boundless ocean, It is for you; it is for you!

9

To Rosemary

I'M A-LONGIN' DEAR, FO' YOU

Ever since you went away, Ever since dat dreary day, I ain't had no happiness Nothin' can't go right, I guess; Always I'm a-feelin' blue. I'm a-longin', dear fo' you.

All de day I watch de road, An' de landin' of de boat, An' at night I put de light By de window fo' your guide; Honey, if you only knew How I'm longin' Dear, fo' you.

If I knew you'd come no mo', What should I be livin' fo'; But I pray fo' you an' den Some day you'll come back again; You'll be wantin' love dat's true An' I'm longin' Dear, fo' you.

THE SONG OF LOVE

Many a heart in silence holds A love that's true and deep, As in a lute the harmonies Of unsung music sleep.

the

Until, at last, across the strings A wooing hand shall glide, Waking dormant melodies, Rousing the sleeping tide.

Then rings to heav'n the joyous air Resounding clear and strong: It is the old, old melody: It is the old, old song.

11

TO MY HEART

Though brumal clouds o'ercast the dark'ning sky, And winter's snowy shroud o'er all is spread, Do not despair, o heart, the end is nigh: Spring is not dead, spring is not dead!

Though sorrow's ache is now oppressing you, Yield up your flood of tears, too long unshed, Do not despair, o heart: life springs anew, Love is not dead!

-End of the Lyrical Interlude-



Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 9 and 11 are published with music.

WHAT DO I LIKE?

You ask: "Well, is there anything, old Dear, In this world that you like?" You smile—the lurking shadow of sneer— And stroke your gray Van Dyke. ^ Dear Doc, there still are things I like, but most A walk through fog at night, Or, when the sun is bright, On crag and hill, on dazzling sea and shore. Spring orchards all a-bloom: The gulls that rise and soar, The grove's mysterious gloom At night, when the last reveler is still, And, oh, gross appetite. Rye bread and butter-gastronomic thrill! The dazzling, satin white Of arms and shoulders moulded "after Haig" The Caveman, or a Keith. A chocolate malted milk—therein an egg Lips that love-secrets breathe, Nor heed the passing of the star-lit hours The west-wind in the pines; A field a-bloom with glowing, scarlet flow'rs. The fruit of sunkissed vines. Bulotti's songs and at the keyboard "Bob"; Or "Uda" at the keys When "Rudy" bids his fiddle laugh or sob. George Sterling's ecstacies. A Bach Sonata, or a Herbert hit; The Volstead act repealed. A dinner seasoned with the rapier wit Of Thompson or of Field.

A MOTHER TO HER COUNTRY

(1918)

You have given me great honor, And a service star of gold, You have called me brave and noble Thinking thus I'd be consoled.

You shall see I do not hunger And give me a place to die, Yes, to die, for I've ceased living; But, as men, you're asking why.

Ask a mother to whose bosom Helpless baby hands have clung; From whose eyes long years of patience Tears of pain and joy have wrung!

Ev'ry night my errant spirit Searches over shell-torn fields To return at dawn, despondent; Only tears my seeking yields.

You have given me great honor, Noble words your message bore: I am striving to be grateful, But my boy comes back no more!

WELTSCHMERZ

Oh, why and whence, e'en in young, passionate life, Comes this strange longing for the end of strife; Comes this dull pain and these unbidden tears, This yearning that on empty, joyless years The shroud-like curtain of oblivion fall?

Oh, why and whence this vague yet potent grief: Is it my soul that's craving for relief, Is it my soul that's striving thus to say: "Oh break—ye prison-bars of flesh—away; From o'er the mountain-crests I hear a call!"

To W. J. P.

"CHATEAU THIERRY"

"Is it you, old pal? they got me-Take my hand-I'm going west; But, by God, there's four goes with me, Four to one, I call some test! See that kid there, he was easy; Why, it almost seemed a shame; Just a youngster, pale and slender But I must say he was game. Then two more came on together, Just had time to flash my 'gat'; You have seen me poppin' rattlers: Hell! I had 'em sprawlin' flat. Then that bearded beast came at me; Not a pill was in my gun, So I rams him with my sticker, Went clean through him on the run; But the blade caught in his buckle Some damn way-it sure was hell! While I vanked and cussed I got it, Here, below the heart, and fell. Did they get you too, ol' buddy? No; then my blood's on your hand-Looks to me it's getting misty Over where those poplars stand; See, it's shutting all around us, Gee, ol' pal, I'm getting cold; But the pain is gone, thank heaven; Look, the sun breaks through like gold! When you get a chance to do it. Write the folks I did my best; Break it easy to my mother; Good-bye, pal, I'm going West.



To W. R. D.

THE SHIP

The ship glideth on o'er the foam-crested sea, From serfdom's dark shores tow'rd a land of the Free.

From mast and from hold there resoundeth a cheer: "Our goal! just ahead! there is liberty here!"

The helmsman, sinister, saith: "naught shall avail, Ye still shall be slaves: in a circle we sail!"

BEYOND

Oft in the silent watches of the night Some strange and mystic power wakes me, Bearing me off, as some great Condor might. Far from terrestial regions takes me. Yet what I know and see and feel and hear In that strange realm that lies I know not where Still baffles all my tortured thinking here: Strive as I will: my memory is bare! And yet I know in some sub-conscious way. That all the terrors of this nightmare life Where greed and lust and selfishness hold sway, Where hate kills love and millions bleed in strife. Are but a reel of shadows that is thrown Upon the screen by some foul fiend of hell: And we shall rise one day to claim our own: That other realm of light where all is well; That other realm that oft my spirit finds When in the silent watches of the night Some strange and mystic power wakes me.

To T. V.

SODOM

In die engen, dunkeln Gassen, Wo die roten Lichter glühen, Schleichen mit gedämpften Tritten Menschen die die Tugend hassen

Durch die Fenster durch die Türen Summt ein höllisches geflüster; Weiber, tote, ohne Seelen, Suchen Seelen zu verführen.

Falsche Liebesworte sterben Auf den falschen roten Lippen; Wo die Unschuld einst gewohnet Nisten jetzt der Hölle Erben.

Aus den engen, dunkeln Gassen, Wo die roten Lichter glühen, Schleichen mit gedämpften Tritten Menschen die sich selber hassen!

To F. A. D.

HIS WOMAN

They sent him down for twenty years: Damn that old judge to hell! For twenty long and weary years To wither in a cell!

He never will come out alive: They say that prisons kill; Oh, God! I wish that I were dead, Or there with him, poor Bill!

'Twas just three monthsago to-night He rushed into my room, With something half-hid in his hand That sparkled in the gloom.

'Here's something, Flo, to match your eyes,' He said, 'it's from a guy
That wanted money for a drink';
I knew that was a lie!

They took him from my arms that night, He knew the jig was up; And one big copper beat him so; Some day I'll fix that pup!

I can't go to the dance-hall now, For that's no place for tears; And Bill's old sweetheart, she's there too: I couldn't stand her jeers!

God knows what will become of me And of that little life That's stirring underneath my heart, And I ain't even his wife!

Oh, what a lovely "Christian" world Is this for such as I! There's nothing left for me to do, But I'm afraid to die. Afraid to die because I'd take I life beside my own So I'll just try to struggle on And fight my way alone.

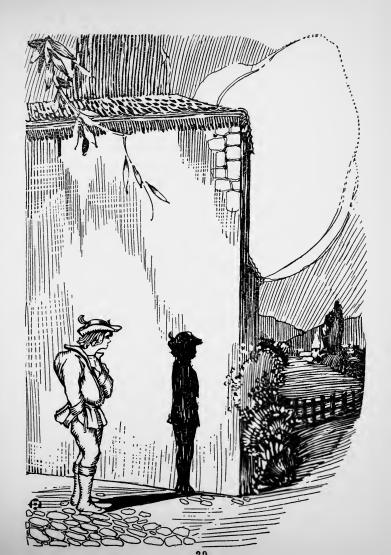
For twenty years! Why not for life? Or better still, the rope; This nightmare would be over then And no such thing as hope.

They sent him down for twenty years To wither in a cell; For twenty long and weary years, Damn that old judge to hell!

THE HUNCHBACK

Sonnet

In thoughtful mood I strolled the village street,
The white-washed cots glared in the summer noon;
By all deserted seemed the place and soon
I came to where the town and country meet;
And there, unmindful of the sultry heat,
A hunch-backed boy stood like a statue hewn
Of stone, before a wall. "Ho! little loon,"
I called, "what do you there?" A smile replete
With joy illumed his face as he replied:
"Oh, see my shadow there, how straight and tall;
Am I not fair as you?" And then with pride
And gloating eyes he gazed, as in a thrall,
Where mocking sun grim nature's fact belied:
Sometime we all thus gaze upon the wall.



THE REBEL PEASANTS

From Bernwards tower the wild bells rang, In torrents the rain was flowing; But o'er the storm and bells' hoarse clang Sounded the old horn's blowing.

The buffalo horn had rested long Where brave Veit Stoszberg found it, The old horn roared its battlesong; No mercy from those who sound it!

No mercy, Knighthood, debonair; The rebel peasants are rising, And peasant brawn the score shall square For centuries of despising.

To castle Klingburg, mute with hate, They climbed, their fury nursing; The smith with one blow forced the gate; Had he not made it, cursing?

A crushing blow the Baron smote, An ax his sword sent spinning, A curse died in his bleeding throat; 'Twas now the peasants' inning!

And soon relentless flames arose Through arches, halls and tower Beware, oh knights, who dare oppose The rebel peasants' power!

WOMAN

Oh, woman, you who are God's nearer kin,
Hope of mankind now groping in the gloom.
A bondslave yesterday: to-day abreast
The on and ever upward surging race;
To-morrow destined in your hand to hold
Our fate. God's instrument, you shall redeem
And lift man to your level, half divine,
From whence he, too, may glimpse a paradise
Whose smiling angel messenger you are.
Sweet, radiant, true; victorious through love!

THE GOBLET

She bore a goblet in her hand, Her step was firm and light, Nor spilled a drop upon the sand; And he, a youthful knight, In amour bright, with skilful hand, And in a manner careless quite, Had forced his charger still to stand.

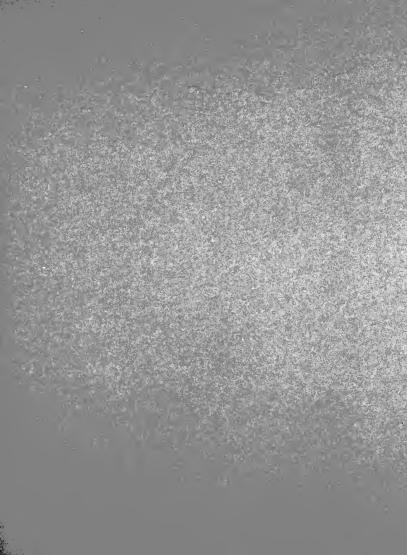
And, yet, when he from her would take The wine within the goblet light, His strong, brown hand began to shake, And hers a-tremble—ah, the plight—The why and how no one could tell; But wine was spilled and goblet fell!

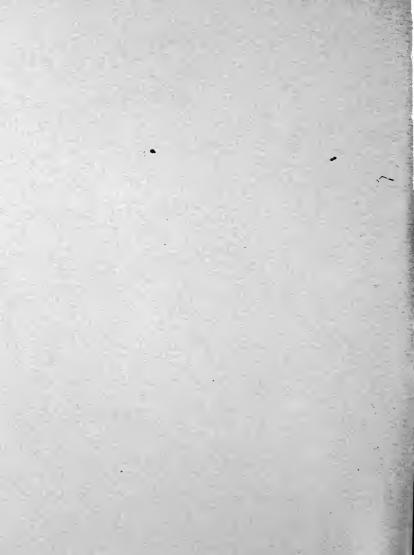
I KNOW THEM NOT

I wander through the city and a gray Fog-veil drifts over the tow'ring piles of steel; The crowd below impelled by some strange zeal, And thousands pass: each bent on his own way.

I know them not—and locked within each breast, Is there a fate resembling mine and bleeds A wounded heart, perhaps, while no one heeds, Each one absorbed in his own interest?

The cold fog drips and ever on we go; From me to you no flash illumes the deep, And though one called the word the wind would sweep It on and none can of the other know.





Bohemia's Midsummer Grove Book



KARL FUHRMAN

Third Year 1923 To one who knows me and yet loves me

Copyright 1923 Karl Fuhrman Printed for my dear friends of the Bohemian Club San Francisco

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KARL FUHRMAN

Kalgnhrman



FOREWORD to the Third Edition, 1923

It is related in an old legend that although the Priest frowned upon the juggler's performance and ordered him out of the cathedral, the Virgin bent low from her pedestal and touched the juggler's brow.

He had worshiped by doing the only thing he could do well: he had given his best. God saw deeper than the priest.

Here I lay my best upon Bohemia's altar.

Faithfully,

KARL FUHRMAN.

"SPILLING THE BEANS" (a critico-biographical episode)

Scene: The Club Rooms.

Time: An evening in September, 1923.

Discovered: The Friend, the Professor, the Bon Vivant, the Musician, the Poet, the New Member, the Old Member, the Member who quotes his Wife.

The Old Member: Who's this Fuhrman fellow, anyway? Here's his third yearly contribution and nobody's ever seen him.

The Friend: Oh, he's about on occasions. Most of our musicians know him. Music business, you know— Reece and Fuhrman, Inc.

The Old Member: German? Name sounds like It. Gosh, that's a rotten cigar you gave me, Ed.

The Friend: That's why I didn't smoke it, but I'll try to recall what he told me of himself. His great grandfather served under Napoleon from 1806-1810. His grandfather was exiled from Germany in 1848—you remember that revolution that didn't get far, but which gave us some of the best men and citizens we've had from abroad. So the family came to America, but a pardon







was granted these political offenders and ten years later the family returned. With them went an American flag which flowed every Fourth of July from the housetop in a little city on the Rhine, an ancient town, once the seat of Emperors and made famous by Martin Luther.

And one day in 1870 something happened. Prussian troops were passing through into France and two officers were quartered in the Fuhrman house. That night Karl Fuhrman was born (eight minutes after his twin brother!) A sudden influx of four men, his father used to say.

When Old Glory went up on the following morning, one of the Prussians said: "This is no time for a foreign rag—put up a German flag or none!"

"That American flag has gone up there on every Fourth of July for over fifteen years and it shall stay," said Fuhrman, Sr.

Hot words followed, then a scuffle and when the mess at the foot of the stairs was untangled, Fuhrman Sr. had two broken fingers and was unfit for service in the army. But the flag remained until sundown.







In 1880 the mother died and in 1883 the father came back to America with the twins. A man of high mental attainments, a great lover of music, he became dean of the faculty of one of Buffalo's splendid high schools and founded the city's first high school orchestra. He was ten seasons 'cellist in the city's symphony orchestra. He died in 1908.

After a number of years in the "College of Hard Knocks" and two years in Columbia University, Karl came to San Francisco (in 1899) to take a position with the big music house, and a jolly young lot, he says, Fred, Phil and Andy were those days.

In 1912 he promoted his own business, but he admits that the best thing he has done during the twenty-four years he has been here was to become a member of the Bohemian Club.

The New Member: And this "Grove Book" of his—does the Club get it out?

The Old Member: Well, hardly; we do encourage art, but if we were to print all of our poets' effusions, we'd have to treble the dues.

The Musician: What do you think of it. Prof?

The Professor: Well, mostly froth. Nothing new that's good, and nothing good that's new. However "Armageddon" — monistic, evolutionary — with an exposition of man's dual nature shows some depth of thought and a cosmic vision.

The Musician: I hear some of his songs have been very successful. I liked several in last year's book, but most of them had already been published with music.





The Poet: Well, I can't say that I've been greatly stirred by any of it. No fault technically, but nothing big, nothing important, nothing compelling. Interesting in spots, perhaps; I might even say a little unique occasionally in the matter and manner, yet—

The Friend: But remember, George, he's a business man who, as an associate member is striving to do his bit.

The Musician: Yes, of course, and at that I think that "Kreisler Played" is damned good!

The BonVivant: Yes and I got a kick out of "Orgy" and "To Jacqueline" and that other one on the same page; and that thing about the crook's girl is a real bit of the underworld, well told. Of course, most of us fellows don't know anything about meter and form and all that stuff, but I like to read things I can get right off the bat without a dictionary.

The Friend: So do I. Now that simple thing about the little tree—reminds me of my "First Reader" in grammar school—but what can't a fellow read of life between the lines? What you take away all depends on what you bring with you. I think I got that last from you, Prof.







The Old Member: I spent a half hour over it and wasn't bored a bit, but he should have taken a pill instead of writing that lugubrious thing about death letting him in. Even if he "cast love off" he needn't wish himself dead about it—what?

The New Member: You don't suppose he really means all that?

The Professor: Well, you can't tell about these poets (near and real). Sometimes they expose a bit of their ego.

The Poet: So they do, Prof., for once you are right. By the way, those aphorisms have a foreign flavor. I imagine he got them from Nietzsche or another of that crazy German tribe.

The Member who quotes his Wife: Well, fellows, I was too busy at our little bar to look at the darn thing at the grove, but my wife found it among my soiled linen when I got home. She said the fellow who wrote those aphorisms about woman was pretty clever to crawl out to safety by way of their epilogue.

The Friend: Well, we all seem to have found something to talk about at least—ah, there's Fuhrman. I'll go over and tell him how you all raved about his book—s'long. (exit).

The New Member: Lean in here and listen, gentlemen (sotto voce business of imparting weighty information) step along and follow me.

(Exeunt all through the door east of the Cave Man).

(Curtain)







"ALICE"

She was a creature young and fair, her eyes deep blue, and in her hair the radiance of a golden morn had lingered, longing to adorn and crown such loveliness and grace. While eager impulse flushed her face She speaks as one who knows her will: "I know dear friend, you have much skill in making poems and I'm told I have great talent and I've sold a verse on "Spring" to Uncle Joe, He owns the Daily News, you know. For ev'ry word I know a rhyme and I have endless loads of time. I wrote class poems while at school, of verses I know every rule. I'll write-and all the world shall know, like Tennyson or even Poe: I need, perhaps, a hint or two and so I thought I'd come to you." What could I say, what could I do for one who all and nothing knew; for one whose calm, sweet, ordered life had never known grief, pain or strife, whom love and passion had not touched; fear, hate and sorrow had not clutched. Who had not wept hot, blinding tears, nor known the stress of long, dark years? What could I say to one who thought the deepest tragedy was wrought when Jack, her sweetheart, gave a glance at dark-eved Evelyn at the dance? So I said, "Dearest, Uncle Joe will buy your poems and, you know, I've never sold one—why waste time With me when you know how to rhyme?"

TO JACQUELINE

You fear eternal flame and sin you shun, When I suggest one little hour of love, Because no priestly word has made us one.

But recently the priest was reading mass In Latin—and you could not understand— But I have studied in a Latin class.

He said: "O pious Christians, this say I: You surely shall for ev'ry unkissed kiss One hundred years in hell's fierce fire fry!"

TO PLEASURE

Oh those who never raised the sparkling glass At midnight's happy, care-free hour, And whom no maid with dark, seductive eyes Has tempted to some hidden bower;

Who ne'er forgot the old world's serious sham, And feared its pleasures to explore, How wise are they, how virtuous, and yet No words can say how I abhor!

DEATH LET ME IN!

Death let me in! Death let me in!
Naught do I know of your awesome realm;
but 'tis my pray'r that there within
May dark oblivion all o'erwhelm.

What have I done to merit life? Love I cast off with repelling hand; dark are the years of useless strife; Death, thou shalt listen and understand.

Overmuch have I known of grief too great the burden of pain and tears; Grant me thy cold hands' sweet relief, ending the torture of empty years.

Let me no longer pleading stand, Surely there can be no blacker sin: Love I cast off with repelling hand; Death let me in! Death let me in!

SALMAGUNDI

Of what avail is luck to one who is a loon? It might be raining soup, he'd be without a spoon!

Friendship without sacrifice is a thing I can't conceive; if your friend thinks most of getting, Cut the ties without regretting, nor the loss of him bereave.

The true skeptic will finally doubt his doubts.

To lose one's ideals meansnever to have had any.

A new truth will easily carry the day until an old error appears in its way.

One may discredit corruption by accepting too small a bribe!

True love is ideal while marriage is real; consider your weal: don't take real for ideal.

Nothing is so indecent as so-called morality.

An admirable man, I know him well, I swear; he beats his patient wife, and then he combs her hair! If I know what you find laughable, I know you.

From the lofty heights of reason life is but a dread disease; and the world a sorry bedlam, from whose clutch there's no release.

Whatever liberates our spirit without giving mastery over ourselves is ruinous.

Whence? Whither? How? the gods make a reply. content be with Because and do not ask them why.

Let us go from utility, through truth, to beauty.

Your head alone shall never grasp a work of art to feel its pow'r you needs must also give your heart.

Give us truth! the crowd is yelling, timid poesy repelling.

ARMAGEDDON

All I am: from life's beginning, Dormant in the ancient sea, To the master of the planet, Claiming Godly pedigree.

All the mystic, living forces Move me with resistless surge; Source and goal forever hidden, Plaything of the cosmic urge.

Through laborious, countless eons. I have struggled from the soil, Brother of the worm and eagle, Child of Nature's endless toil.

In me blend the fear and cunning Of the timid, hunted hare With the tiger's savage courage Stalking, hungry, from his lair.

I am vice and I am virtue, I am love and I am hate, I am kind and I am cruel, I destroy and I create.

I am Brahma, I am Buddha I am Moses, I am Christ; I shall hang at dawn, a murderer, Brooding, in a cell, despised! I am tyrant over millions, Pow'r of wealth my very God; I'm an old and tattered beggar Whom the pangs of hunger prod.

I kill pallid, little children. In my mines and in my mills; I am shocked and feel compassion When my tread an earth-worm kills.

I am Alfred, I am Ivan, I am just and I'm a knave; I am Lincoln, I am Nero, I set free and I enslave.

R.C

I face God at dawn, rejoicing, On a sun-kissed, wind-swept hill; Errant, in the slums at midnight, I seek pangs of lust to still.

Thus am I that great Arena Where a Saint and Demon fight; One for dark and loathsome bondage, One for liberty and light.

When, at last, the Victor rises Bloody, dazed, but Victor still, He shall prove my soul's Saint Michael, My unconquerable will!

ADVICE

"I find it devish hard to write a poem, friend. Where do you get the thoughts? please some assistance lend."

On the walls, old Dear, and on the floor; they teem with thoughts, or behind the door. gaze at the wall and concentrate; then shall the muse unlock the gate. If still you find your efforts vain, take my advice: try not again. Grieve not that fate no answer brings; God wills you should do other things.

TWO SONGS

* *

TWO SEASONS

Gray are the skies o'er the wind-swept hill, The snow-covered valley below lies still, The chill brook is crawling neath icy sheen, And stark branches quiver where leaves were green. So, too, in my heart all is cold and drear Since that bitter hour when you left me, Dear!

But neath the coverlet of the snow The magical spring bids the violets grow, And soon sunny skies and a balmy breeze Shall shower with blossoms the fields and trees. So, too, shall my heart be aglow with cheer When you come again to be near me, Dear!

"IT IS FOR YOU"

It is for you that dawn awakes the flowers Their sweetest fragrance to exhale; It is for you the songbirds in the bowers Sing songs of love on hill and vale; And when the sun, in ardent splendor wooing, In happy spring his promises renewing, On all the fields the blossoms fair is strewing, It is for you; it is for you!

It is for you that countless stars are gleaming Within the vaulted, deep, blue skies; It is for you that night comes with its dreaming, When love sends longing winged on sighs; And when the moon impelled by fond emotion, Eager to prove his ardor and devotion Transmutes to silver all the boundless ocean, It is for you;

THE ANARCHIST

Offer naught to quench my thirst at the hour you take my life; let me drink but once again from the hot lips of my wife.

Tearless she will see me die, see my blood sink in the sands; and, believe, she'll never take pity's bread from hangmen's hands.

And a son she soon will bear, who for ev'ry tear she sheds must—with dying lips I swear—Mow your cursed children's heads!

THE BEST

Is your head and heart a-whirling? Then, indeed, you know the best; For if love no longer thrills you, Nor with woe an error fills you, You would best be laid to rest.

I KNOW THEM NOT

I wander through the city and a gray Fog-veil drifts o'er the tow'ring piles of steel; The crowd below impelled by some strange zeal, And thousands pass: each bent on his own way.

I know them not—and locked within each breast, Is there a fate resembling mine and bleeds A wounded heart, perhaps, while no one heeds, Each one absorbed in his own interest?

The cold fog drips and ever on we go; From me to you no flash illumes the deep, And though one called the word the wind would sweep It on and none can of the other know.

ORGY

(Rondeau)

Let Venus reign this rapturous night, And every veil of modesty be rent. An hour ago, and you were prudish, quite: Now in your breast a raging fire is pent.

Blush not for nudity: you should resent That such a form was ever hid from light. Venus shall reign this rapturous night And every veil of modesty be rent.

First, drinking in your lines, I fed my sight, Now passion's fury finds an eager vent: And at our feet sits Cupid, happy sprite, With useless bow, for every arrow's spent, And Venus reigns this rapturous night.

THE DAY

Nights darkn'ning hour seems to say: Have you used well this lovely day?

"Rosemary's lips I kissed at morn Ere yet the rosy dawn was born.

Bravely I faced the daily care And helped a soul in deep despair.

'Mid friends a happy hour I spent; No ear to selfish wishes lent.

And from a realm with stars agleam Comes last a happy poet-dream."

Night's dark'ning hour seems to say: You have done well this lovely day.



To W. J. P.

"CHATEAU THIERRY"

"Is it you, old pal? they got me-Take my hand-I'm going west: But, by God, there's four goes with me, Four to one, I call some test! See that kid there, he was easy; Why, it almost seemed a shame; Just a youngster, pale and slender But I must say he was game. Then two more came on together, Just had time to flash my 'gat'; You have seen me poppin' rattlers: Hell! I had 'em sprawlin' flat. Then that bearded beast came at me: Not a pill was in my gun, So I rams him with my sticker. Went clean through him on the run: But the blade caught in his buckle Some damn way-it sure was hell! While I yanked and cussed I got it. Here, below the heart, and fell. Did they get you too, ol' buddy? No: then my blood's on your hand-Looks to me it's getting misty Over where those poplars stand; See, it's shutting all around us, Gee, ol' pal, I'm getting cold; But the pain is gone, thank heaven; Look, the sun breaks through like gold! When you get a chance to do it, Write the folks I did my best; Break it easy to my mother; Good-bye, pal, I'm going West.

APHORISMS RE WOMAN

If a girl offers you her hand and her heart, be modest; take the heart.

Love is the poetical manner of wasting time.

If the devil is too busy to appear, he sends a woman, and she does better.

If a woman is not conceited, she is conceited about that.

It is, after all, irrelevant whom you marry; she won't be the right one anyway.

There are looks and glances which the censor should forbid.

Women offer us Paradise so that we may forget the one we lost on their account.

Would you lose your ideal, marry it.

A love which considers the end has not begun.

A woman unhappily married rattles her chains until someone hears.

I am master in this house. What my wife wishes shall be done!

Her first love is a woman's religion; and her last love is religion.

There's only one woman problem; it is the question: Do you love me?

A love founded on a mood is most enduring because a woman's mood is more permanent than her love.

"When I find it convenient to be so, I am impulsive," says one woman.

A woman of thirty will forgive one of twenty anything except the ten years.

You may dry a woman's tears with a handkerchief, but silk stockings are better.

A woman's attention to her first gray hair is never drawn by a mirror, but always by a good woman friend.

One should take woman as she is, or not at all.

Conversation in the streets is mostly of love, marriage and other money matters.

A woman will never request the impossible from you because she considers nothing impossible.

A woman may reveal a secret of her soul, but not one of her boudoir.

We often search a long time for the right key to a woman's heart and find it open.

Many a woman resembles the leaning tower of Pisa; she inclines, but does not fall.

The plural of love is infidelity.

A superstitious woman will yield to her thirteenth admirer.

It is only the masculine in woman that seeks emancipation.

Women admire brave men, but reward the daring.

Epilogue.

These aphorisms have this advantage: the opposite is equally true.



To F. A. D.

HIS WOMAN

They sent him down for twenty years: Damn that old judge to hell! For twenty long and weary years To wither in a cell!

He never will come out alive: They say that prisons kill; Oh, God! I wish that I were dead, Or there with him, poor Bill!

'Twas just three months ago to-night He rushed into my room, With something half-hid in his hand That sparkled in the gloom. 'Here's something, Flo, to match your eyes,' He said, 'it's from a guy That wanted money for a drink'; I knew that was a lie!

They took him from my arms that night, He knew the jig was up; And one big copper beat him so; Some day I'll fix that pup!

I can't go to the dance-hall now, For that's no place for tears; And Bill's old sweetheart, she's there too: I couldn't stand her jeers!

God knows what will become of me And of that little life That's stirring underneath my heart, And I ain't even his wife!

Oh, what a lovely "Christian" world Is this for such as I! There's nothing left for me to do, But I'm afraid to die.

Afraid to die because I'd take I life beside my own So I'll just try to struggle on And fight my way alone.

For twenty years! Why not for life? Or better still, the rope; This nightmare would be over then And no such thing as hope.

They sent him down for twenty years To wither in a cell; For twenty long and weary years, Damn that old judge to hell!

TO CARE

Hear I not an ominous sound? there's a creaking on the stair. Nearer, nearer, round on round, 'tis the heavy step of care. So you're come again, dull care. are you jealous of my luck? must your cold, relentless hands ev'ry wreath of flowers pluck? This, my little hearth and home, with long hours of labor bought. would you quench its homely fire, Would you crush what love has wrought? Still your lips are immobile; you are silent and your face only shows indifference. but of feeling not a trace. Yet take heed and listen well: of Bohemia I'm a knight! ah-you know us-and I see in your eyes a flash of fright. Ev'ry year within our grove 'tis our first and chief concern care-your hated brood-to grasp Justly try, condemn and burn! Oh, you weaken and you turn; you know valor's better part. Here comes Bowser after you; no avail your little start! When he's done, the lusty brute, (and his mark he's never missed) you will heed this good advice: Keep Bohemians off your list!

THE LITTLE TREE

I am a little tree, Close to the road I stand, And ev'ry passer plucks Something with careless hand.

One plucks a leaf or two, Another plucks a bud, And soon they're thrown away Into the dust or mud.

But high up on a branch There is a birding's nest; He sings to me all day, At night I rock his nest.

And thus I find my joy And say: "Why more demand? Be happy, little tree, You must stand where you stand."

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THE REBEL PEASANTS

From Bernwards tower the wild bells rang, In torrents the rain was flowing; But o'er the storm and bells' hoarse clang Sounded the old horn's blowing.

The buffalo horn had rested long Where brave Veit Stoszberg found it, The old horn roared its battlesong; No mercy from those who sound it!

No mercy, Knighthood, debonair; The rebel peasants are rising, And peasant brawn the score shall square For centuries of despising.

To castle Klingburg, mute with hate, They climbed, their fury nursing; The smith with one blow forced the gate; Had he not made it, cursing?

A crushing blow the Baron smote, An ax his sword sent spinning, A curse died in his bleeding throat; 'Twas now the peasants' inning!

And soon relentless flames arose Through arches, halls and tower Beware, oh knights, who dare oppose The rebel peasants' power!

KREISLER PLAYED

Oh language of a thousand tongues that from your magic fingers flows, that weeps and rings and laughs and sings, or like an ocean sunset glows.

These thousands, from their fetters freed, are swept aloft on wings of tone, like spirits borne by fantasy, to realms where each one finds his own.

One weeps as memory recalls some deep unutterable grief; another smiles—a joy reborn—his burdened soul has found relief.

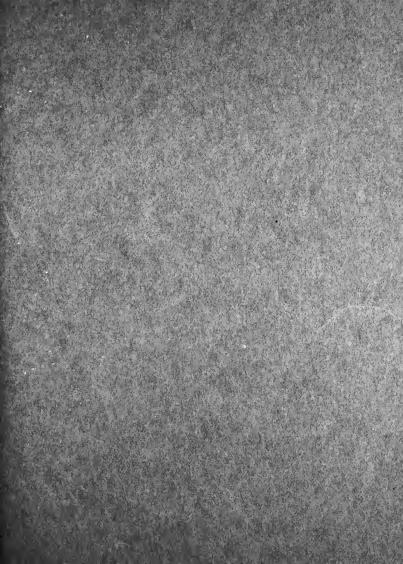
Transfiguration's gleaming eyes mark one who visions scenes divine; another's passionate gaze reveals remembrance of a carnal shrine.

As tone on tone rolls over us, a flagellation or caress, you speak as one who's adamant or whisper angels' tenderness.

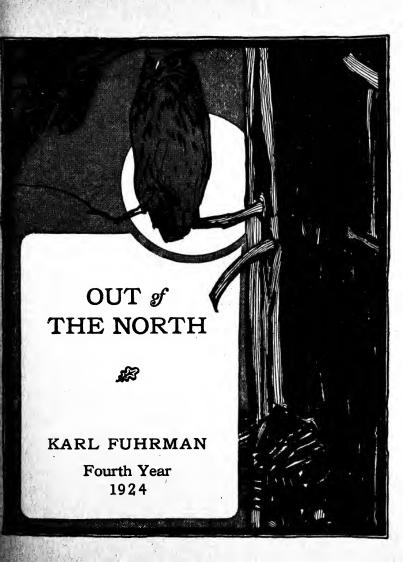
Behind the widow's sombre veil tears flow unhindered. At her side a child leans forward, open-mouthed, to watch your wizard fingers glide.

The critic, gray in service grown, his "critic attitude" forgets; none better knows how vain are words and there is one thing he regrets:

He must write half a column now, the fine-spun phrases of his trade, while he confesses to himself, eonugh had been this: Kreisler played.







To my dear old friend "Bob" Newell

OUT & THE NORTH

A weird, little tale retold and printed for my dear friends of the Bohemian Club

KARL FUHRMAN



OUT of THE NORTH

It was a number of years ago. We were at the club and the topic of our conversation was the manner in which each of us was to end.

"I may hope for cancer of the stomach," said Lewis. "That isn't exactly pleasant, but it's a good old family tradition."

"No doubt I shall succumb in honorable combat with a few billions of microbes," said Bradley, who had clung to life with something less than half a lung for a year.

"As far as I'm concerned," said I, "I'm too busy to be ill and I shall probably forget to wake up one morning, just as my father did. He was the dean of a high school faculty and taught within twelve hours before his passing."

And equally void of romance was the finish of each of the others who prophesied the manner of their passing with more or less certainty.

"Woman shall cause my exit," said Carlton, the painter.

"Indeed?" said Humphreys, laughing.

"No," continued the painter slowly, "art shall be responsible for my demise."

"Assuredly a pleasant death."

"Not necessarily."

Of course we laughed and laid long odds against him as a prophet.

Five years later I saw Towner again who had been one of us at the club at that time.

"Well, once again in San Francisco?"

"Yes, came a couple of days ago."

I asked him to come to the club, but he was engaged on a

case in court. Would I dine with him? Of course; Towner dines well.

At ten oclock we had finished our demi-tasse. We adjourned to the reading room.

"There are very few of those left in the club from that evening, very few."

"How's that?"

"Well, the boys all seemed in a great hurry to carry out their prophesies. You remember the November evening on which we spoke of the ways in which we'd go West?"

"Certainly! On the very next day I left San Francisco, and this is the first time I've been here since."

"Well, Bradley was the first. After six months in Phoenix, he cashed in."

"Easy enough for him to keep his word."

"Yes, but Humphreys had a harder time. He caught a rum thief in his cellar and got a bullet through his stomach in the scuffle. There were eight of us; five gone, each in his own way. Pringle died of pneumonia. No wonder when one will persist in standing up to one's stomach in the bay for hours to shoot ducks! The devil knows where the pleasure is in that."

"And Canfield?"

"He's still with us, you'll meet him here at the club—hale and hearty like you and I. But Healey died of a stroke two months ago. Fat as a Christmas turkey; no one would have thought it possible."

"Then there remains only the painter. What's become of him?"

"Carlton kept his word the best. He is going to the dogs through woman and art."

"Going to the dogs; how am I to take that, Towner?"

"Well, he's been for ten months in the insane asylum at Napa in the ward for incurables. His young model about twenty thousand years old, dissolved beneath his passionate kisses. This struck his brain so forcibly that he went violently mad."

"I beg of you, Towner, stop your jesting, if your jokes are as inane as this one. You can have your fun over the others. You may laugh about the dead, but not about an old pal who's in the insane asylum."

Towner slowly knocked the ashes from his cigarette and a shadow seemed to creep over his features.

"I know the painter was dearer to you than the others; but that needn't prevent you from forcing a smile after you have heard his story. There's a kind of tragedy whose depressing influence we can escape only through derision and where's the tale that hasn't a moment of humor?"

"Yes, but what about Carlton?"

"His story, in short, is as I told you before: A young lady at the advanced age of twenty thousand years whom he was painting melted under his kisses and that drove him to bedlam. That is all; but if you wish I can go into detail.

"Please-you are thoroughly familiar with the case?" .

"More so than pleases me. I led the official investigation and could have racked my brain to decide whether to indict him for burglary, malicious mischief, desecration of a corpse or heaven knows what; but his commitment to the asylum ended the matter."

"Well, this is getting more and more remarkable."

"So remarkable, in fact, that you will find it scarcely believable."

"Out with the whole story, then."

"Carlton had been working several months in the Museum. Its wealthy promoter and patron had commissioned him to do some mural decorations. He scarcely finished one wall and the job is still incomplete. It is difficult to find a substitute for he had talent, did Carlton, and imagination as well. And it was the latter that brought him to the asylum.

"At about that time the museum received a shipment of inestimable value. You surely read the announcement some years ago which appeared in every paper and justly created great interest everywhere. Chuckchi tribes had discovered in the ice of the Kolyma district of northeastern Siberia a full grown mammoth which was preserved almost intact, the trunk

only being slightly damaged. The governor of Jakutsk immediately sent a complete report to St. Petersburg. The Imperial Academy of Sciences sent a scientist, an expert taxidermist—both Germans—as well the Russian, Rebikoff, to the extreme northeast. After a journey occupying four months and labors taking two months more they succeeded in bringing the pachyderm in its huge block of ice to the Neva in perfect condition. By the way, it is known that the entire district is full of such gigantic creatures, but practically all in fragments. The present one being the only one of its kind existing at this date is one of "the" showpieces of the Imperial Museum. Siberian legend tells that these creatures burrow in the earth and die as soon as they are exposed to light. The Chinese ivory industry, for thousands of years, has used exclusively Siberian mammoth tusks found under ground.

"A short time after this Expedition, the management of the San Francisco Museum received a message in code urging it to grant its writer an interview. This writer, none other than Rebikoff, was known to the philanthropist whose money has made the museum one of the finest in the world. They had met and formed a friendship in Moscow. And this famous Rebikoff made a few hundred thousand dollars through a most clever theft and is now enjoying life on his interest in Paris. The fact was that when Rebikoff took the mammoth out of Siberia with his Tungusian caravan, he made a find of infinitely greater value. Of this, however, he told his government not a word; he left his treasure quietly where it had lain for thousands of years and journeyed with his pachyderm to St. Petersburg. He had had an enormously tough job with his expedition and flew into a rage when he saw his German superiors highly decorated and liberally rewarded while he had to be content with a decoration of the third class.

"Perhaps the fellow would have written as he did anyway. However, he made that explanation and the directors of the museum accepted these reasons, particularly as it is necessary to take the good where one finds it especially when one has to manage a museum.

"Rebikoff's proposition was to fetch his find out of Siberia and to deliver it personally to San Francisco. Immediately on delivery he was to receive \$300,000. The museum had no

risk with the exception of a comparatively small sum required by the Russian for the outfitting of his new expedition. As a precautionary measure he was given two reliable men from the staff of the museum. He had resigned in the meantime from the Russian Imperial service. A 'whaler took the company via Sweden and Kula into the Artic. They landed somewhere and while the ship cruised about and its crew passed the time in hunting and fishing, the Russian and his two American companions traveled inland with a horde of hired Tungusians. This expedition of Rebikoff's was incomparably more dangerous than the first. Then he had the Czar's letter which acted like a magic wand. Now he must not only rely entirely on himself, but was obliged to employ every sort of strategy to avoid the millions of eyes of his Czar. He was a clever fellow, this Russian, however, and exactly during the week agreed upon he appeared on the shore of the bay designated as the rendezvous and three months later. he sailed through the Golden Gate into the Bay. The secret had been so well kept that not one of the crew knew what was on board. In the meantime a special room had been prepared for the rare find in the Museum. There it was to remain for thirty years, its presence known only to a few intimates. Not another soul was to know what great, new treasure San Francisco harbored. After thirty years—then it was safe enough to show it to the world: then those responsible today were dead. No political complications with Russia could result as the actual details could not be established after so long a period. Yes, after thirty years the theft had become an Argonaut's journey after the "Golden fleece."

Thus calculated the directorate of the museum and it would assuredly have been correct had not our friend Carlton stuck a heavy stick into the wheel.

He was one of the few mortals who had been privileged to welcome the Asiatic princess on American soil, for, to come to the point, the secret shipment consisted of nothing but an immense block of ice which had held for many thousands of years an entirely intact, nude young woman. The lady came into it in exactly the same manner as her contemporary, the mammoth in the museum at St. Petersburg. How? Well, that's no easy problem and many a learned head has ached

over that question and with our find the matter was even more complicated. The chamber which was to be the young lady's future home was very remarkable. It was in the second basement and was 30 feet high and 100 feet square. Four ammonia ice machines were placed along the walls but were entirely concealed by walls of ice. An effort was made to do something special for the visitor from the north, and the subterranean chamber in the center of which the block of ice stood had been transformed into an ice palace whose temperature was constantly kept ten degrees below the freezing point. The floor was a sheet of ice from which a number of ice columns rose to carry the ceiling, and great icicles were suspended from the latter. Cleverly concealed electrical bulbs illuminated this winter palace.

The room was reached through one heavy, air tight, double iron door, concealed by a block of ice on the inside. Toward the outside it opened into a comfortably furnished anteroom in which the visitor could warm his hands before a cheerful grate fire. Turkish carpets, divan and rocking chairs—everything was here as comfortable as it was uncomfortable beyond.

The Northern beauty was happily placed in her ice palace; the Russian had received his money, had departed, and the first excitement over the strange find had subsided. Two trustworthy gentlemen were the only regular visitors of the ice palace: a professor of anthropology, Dr. Gerberding and his colleague from Berkeley, Dr. Penrose. They took measurements, or at least made such attempts as were possible in measuring something locked in an ice block of twenty-five cubic feet. The Berkeley professor, Dr. Penrose had been in St. Petersburg for a month to study the mammoth there; he gave our young lady the same age, namely 20,000 years and swore that both had been made frigid in the selfsame hour. This hypothesis was supported by Rebikoff's report according to which the two points of discovery were scarcely a rifle shot apart and both in the old bed of the Beresowka. Unfortunately he failed to get the support of his colleague, Dr. Gerberding, D.Sc., F.R.S. The latter maintained that the proximity of the points of discovery was merely accidental. The young lady is at least three thousand years younger than the mammoth, a fact conclusively proven by her exterior. The human contemporaries of the mammoth had an entirely different aspect. He confronted his colleague with a number of drawings representing such beings, and, indeed, our Princess did appear differently. Among the exhibits are a number of drawings and a large study from Carlton's hand and he was the only one who saw her out of her icy shell.

Milk white, with a soft peach blush complexion, deep blue eyes, blond locks, a body that might have served Praxiteles as a model. Gerberding was right-here was something wholly different from the heavy-jawed, slit-eyed, primal women of those illustrations. But he made no impression on his Berkeley colleague. Who had made those drawings anyway, he asked. Assuredly people who had never seen such a being. Miserable theorists who had peopled the world with such nondescripts through the aid of monkey houses and an incredibly dull imagination. He, Dr. Penrose, declared this is the primal woman and the publishers could do no better than to tear out of their books on anthropology all such stupid and revolting illustrations. Whereupon Gerberding called Penrose an ass. Whereupon Penrose boxed Gerberding's ears. Whereupon Gerberding punched Penrose in the stomach. Whereupon Penrose had Gerberding arrested. Whereupon the judge fined both and the management of the museum dismissed them.

After this little episode came a period of repose for the Siberian virgin. But then came one whose visit was to be as fateful for her as for himself.

I have already told you that Carlton was one of the few who was present at the arrival of the ice princess. On this occasion a number of photographs of her had been made, but on account of the peculiar light reflections on the ice, the young lady appeared as in a laughing mirror. As a consequence Carlton had been requested by some of the directors to make a drawing of her. Greatly interested himself, he made several drawings in the presence of one or another of the officials in the ice palace. Indeed Carlton succeeded in securing a very favorable view of the chaste beauty for these sketches are remarkably sharp and clear.

During these sittings something remarkable must have gone on in Carlton. The employees later stated in their testimony that at first nothing peculiar was observed, but during the later sittings it was noticed that Carlton had stared at the ice princess for minutes at a time without drawing a line. Also when the cold made it difficult for him to hold his pencil, he still could not be persuaded to stop, but would continue until finished. Finally, during the last sitting, he had persuaded the employees—in fact urged them—to go into the anteroom. At first they had found nothing extraordinary in this, assuming it to be the painter's extreme cordiality who recommended, instead of the uncomfortably cold ice palace, the comforts of the heated anteroom. At last, however, it appeared very peculiar to them, as the painter gave them extremely large tips in order to be left alone. Several times they had heard speaking from the ice palace and had recognized Carlton's voice.

At about this time Carlton visited the director and made a request for the keys to the rooms of the ice princess. He desired to make a larger picture of her and to have full access at all times. In ordinary circumstances his request would undoubtedly have been granted inasmuch as Carlton was in full knowledge of the secret, but the conduct of the painter and the entire manner in which he presented his request was so peculiar that the director became suspicious and made a polite but positive refusal. Upon this the painter jumped to his feet, uttered a few unintelligible words and dashed out without a word of parting. Of course this strange action strengthened the suspicion of the director even more and he gave strict orders to admit no one into the subterranean chambers without his written permission.

A short time afterward there was a rumor in the museum that someone had attempted to bribe some of the officials in order to get into the ice chamber. The director heard of this and as he was responsible for the expensive treasure he instigated a rigid investigation. And, behold, the guilty one was none other than our friend Carlton. The director went to the hall where he was painting and found him on a stool, his face buried in his hands. Confronted with the facts, he requested the director most politely to leave the room in which he was, at the moment, master. As the director saw that words would be of no avail, he left, merely shaking his

head. He had three intricate locks put on the door to the anteroom and kept the keys in a safe in his private rooms.

For three months all was quiet. Twice a week, accompanied by two officials who looked after the ice-machines, the director made the bewitched beauty a visit—the only one which she received. Carlton came every day to the directors' meeting room where he was painting, but he worked no more. The colors dried on his palette and the brushes lay uncleaned on the table. At times he sat for hours on the stool, at others he strode rapidly up and down the room. The investigation had determined with comparative certainty what he did during that period. In a manner peculiar were only some visits he made certain well-known moneylenders. He tried, without result, to borrow \$10,000 on the distant prospect of an inheritance. He finally obtained \$500 on payment of high interest.

One evening Carlton appeared at the club. It was the day, as I later determined, on which he got the money. After a brief greeting in the reading room, he asked me if Ricardo was here. Ricardo, as you know, is the most inveterate gambler in forty-seven states. When Carlton heard that Ricardo was not expected until late in the evening, he accepted my invitation to dine, but was so quiet that it struck me and the others who dined with us as peculiar. Later we talked, but Carlton was so nervous as to be disturbing. He watched the door continually, slid back and forth in his chair, and took one drink after another. Just before twelve he jumped up and met Ricardo who had entered.

"You owe me revenge," he said, "will you play with me this evening?"

"Why, certainly," said Ricardo. "Who will join us?"

Sanderson took part, of course, and Preston and Dudley. We went to the card room.

"How much do you want to lose today, Carlton?" said Ricardo.

"A thousand dollars in cash and whatever I'm good for with you," answered the painter and took a wallet from his pocket. He had evidently brought everything he possessed in addition to the loan-shark's money.

Dudley slapped him on the shoulder. "You are crazy, boy! In your position, one doesn't risk such high stakes."

"Let me alone. I know what I want," he replied, turning away. "Either I win \$10,000 or I lose what I have."

"Good luck," said Ricardo. "Will you shuffle, Preston?" And the game began.

Carlton played like a child. In three-quarters of an hour he had lost his last dollar. He asked Dudley for \$100 which he couldnt well refuse, having won nearly everything. Carlton continued to play and in a quarter hour was done. Then he wanted to borrow from me. I gave him nothing being certain he'd lose. He begged and implored me but I remained firm. He returned to the table, watched a moment and walked out.

Having no further interest in the game, I went into the reading room. I read a newspaper and arose to go home. While one of the boys helped me with my overcoat, Carlton rushed in, threw down his coat and hat, and asked:

"Are they still playing?"

"I don't know."

He had quickly walked into the card room. I took off my coat and followed. Carlton was already seated; before him were about \$200. As I found out later, he had driven to the Lexington Club and on his word of honor had borrowed the money from von Dorn.

This time he played in fair luck, but as the stakes were comparatively small he had scarcely \$1,000 after an hour of play. He counted the bills repeatedly and muttered curses.

Ricardo laughed.

"You are determined to get rich today, Carlton! Poker is too slow; shall we play Bac?"

The painter gave him a glance of gratitude as though Ricardo had saved his life. The game began. Inspired by Carlton, Ricardo had also warmed up and the stakes went higher and higher.

"It isnt exactly polite to count your money over and over," said Dudley.

"I know," answered Carlton, modestly as a schoolboy, "but today I must do it." And he continued to count hastily. He lost and won; once he had about \$8,000 together. The game gradually developed into a duel between the painter and Ricardo who had taken over the bank.

Carlton counted again; he had just won a few high stakes. "Fifty dollars more," he murmured.

But he didn't win the fifty. Luck turned against him and soon he was cleaned to the last penny.

The game was over and the gentlemen left. Only Carlton remained. He stared at the cards that were strewn over the table and drummed nervously on his cigarette case. Suddenly Ricardo returned and put his hand on Carlton's shoulder. The latter was startled.

"You need \$1,000 for a certain purpose."

"That's none of your affairs."

"Not so curt, young man," said Ricardo, laughing. "I'll purchase that picture of yours which I saw in Paris last summer for that price. Here's the money!"

He counted the bills out slowly upon the table. Carlton reached out, but Ricardo covered them with his hand.

"Not so hastily. I make one condition! I demand your word of honor that you'll never play again."

"Never again!" said the painter and grasped Ricardo's hand. He has kept his word as well as that which he gave von Dorn, whose money he returned that morning.

Two days later I was under the painful necessity to write on a document:

Vs. James Henry Carlton, et al. The investigation was demanded by the management of the museum. It was directed against our friend Carlton, a male model and a subordinate employee of the museum. The latter was caught at once while the other who had a police record made his get-away. The employee confessed fully. He had been bribed with \$2,000 by Carlton to be "inattentive" during his nightwatch. Only after the painter had assured him with a solemn oath that nothing was to be stolen did he yield, however. At about nine oclock in the evening, the painter arrived with another man he called Jack. He admitted them and they went to the director's office. The door was opened by the said Jack with

a skeleton key. He then produced a great number of other keys and opened the safe, which was an old one of inferior construction, with little effort. The painter took only keys out of it and it was again locked.

Then the three went down into the cellar, opened the intricate locks of the ice palace and stepped into the anteroom. The painter commanded him to build a fire and soon a comfortable warmth permeated the room. In the meantime Jack produced a box of paints and a folding easel which he had brought. Then the painter gave him the promised reward and a much greater amount to Jack. At any rate it was the balance of Ricardo's money, for not a nickel was found on Carlton. The painter then commanded them to leave and locked the door from the inside. The two went and got some drinks to celebrate their great luck. Jack finally left and the other slept the sleep of the just until his relief came at 6 a. m. He went home, slept a few hours longer and then began leisurely to consider what were best to be done.

The matter would surely be discovered sooner or later and he was sure to lose his position. But otherwise he had no fear; he had done nothing illegal; certainly nothing had been stolen; hadn't the painter given his solemn oath? As a first precautionary measure he brought his money into safety and then sat down and wrote a letter to the management and delivered it in person. This was at five o'clock in the afternoon and the director was just about to leave for his home. He read the letter, convinced himself of the loss of the keys out of the safe and rushed into the cellar accompanied by several officials in order to see what had taken place. But the iron door with its safety locks intervened. He summoned locksmiths and sent for the police. With the aid of crowbars and sledge hammers they succeeded after four hours of labor to lift out the entire door which fell with a crash into the ante-They rushed in. A terrible vapor met them and forced them to make a temporary retreat. The director covered his mouth and nose with a handkerchief and ran through the anteroom into the ice palace, followed by the others. block of ice was split in the center and its inhabitantvanished.

Then a pitiful moaning, scarcely resembling a human voice,

was heard to come from one of the corners. Almost wedged between the ice, nearly frozen, his face and hands like chalk, in shirt sleeves and tattered clothing, they found Carlton. His eyes stared wildly and foam was upon his lips. It required an effort to get him out of the ice and all questions brought only unintelligible sounds from his blue and trembling lips. When it was attempted to take him through the anteroom he screamed frantically and struggled ferociously with hands Four men were required to move him, but as the door was reached, he broke away with terrifying screams and fled into the most remote corner. An insane fear of the anteroom lent the half-frozen body such energy that nothing remained for the police but to tie him hand and foot and carry him out like a log. But even then he managed to tear himself free at the door where he fell upon the icy floor and lost consciousness.

Thus he was taken to the hospital and four months later to the insane asylum in Napa. I visited him once there; a pitiful wreck indeed. Both ears and four fingers of the left hand are frozen, a dreadful, racking cough is shattering his meager body and is evidence that consumption also fastened itself upon him during that terrible night in the ice palace. He has never regained his speech nor has he had one lucid moment. He is continually tortured by a hallucination of being hunted and requires constant attention."

But what took place on that night in the subterranean chambers of the museum?

I have taken great pains to patch together even the apparently most insignificant movements in order to secure a clear picture. I have searched through his folders and files and note books. Here a drawing and there a line gave me a clue to his dreams. Naturally, much remains hypothetical, but I believe to have reached no false conclusions.

Carlton was phantastic—or philosophic—which is the same. Four years ago I met him on the street just as he was entering a cab. He was bound for the observatory and I accompanied him. He was well known there and ever since his boyhood a frequent visitor. And quite like all astronomers he had peculiar conceptions of time and space. The astronomer observes the flight, in a few seconds, of a star through many

thousand millions of miles; the vast immensities with which he reckons must completely dull his sense for the pitifully minute horizon of our terrestrial life. When the stargazer is in addition an artist with the genius and imagination that Carlton had, then the struggle of his soul with matter must develop into a most gigantic combat. Only from this point of view will you be able to comprehend his remarkable sketches, etc., which Dudley acquired. You must see them. Thus had Carlton gone through life; ever with the incubus of infinity on his breast. All was "second-dust"; the mud in the puddle as well as the fairest maid of flesh and blood. And this thought it was, too, that ever preserved him from the mental reaction known as love. Thus many a fair one presented herself to the blond haired dreamy-eyed painter as on a platter. Carlton merely said "thank you!" and dreamed on.

In order to capture him the most improbable had to come to pass. A beauty must appear who was as greatly superior to space and time as himself. And this most improbable became true! The searching knight found—in a very fog and smoke of a great city—"Thornrose" his bewitched princess. A beautiful young woman who many thousands of years ago lived and breathed somewere in Siberia, came to him in San Francisco to be his model. It seemed as though she gazed at him long and tenderly without moving an eyelid. What did she want? She had spanned an immense period of time in order to find him and just as Thornrose in her rose bower, so had this Siberian princess gone to sleep in ice to await her only knight.

But she is dead, he told himself. Well, what of that? Nevertheless could he not love her. Pygmalion loved a statue and his love gave it life, and his love of mankind caused Jesus to give life to the daughter of Jairus. Miracles indeed—but was the miracle before him a lesser one? And again—what is death? Is the earth dead from which the flowers rise? Is the stone dead that creates crystal? Or the drop of water that congeals upon the window pane and turns into magic ferns on the glass? There is no death!

This sole woman had conquered almighty time; through thousands of years she had preserved her youth and beauty. Ceasar and Cleopatra and the great Napolean, Michelangelo, Shakespeare and Goethe, the strongest and greatest humans of the centuries were ground to dust under the tread of time like worms by the roadside. But this slender little beauty had struck her in the face with her small white hands and had forced the great murderess to retreat. The painter dreamed—admired—and loved.

The more often he came to the ice palace to paint his beautiful woman the more clearly he beheld in his soul's eye the picture he was to paint; the great opus of his life: The victory of human beauty over eternity. That indeed, was the mission of this woman; for this had she come to him. Thus his dreaming spirit blossomed into that magnificent flower which is given humanity only once in centuries: Love and art united toward a pure and mighty conception.

But he had no wish to paint his love in a block of ice. Liberated and smiling she was to stand, in her hand a light switch. In front of her murderous time impotent before her conquering youth. And this picture was to give humanity a consciousness of their divinity. He, with an ebullient artist power in his breast and this magnificent woman, conquering time, would accomplish the incredible.

Thus ripened the thought to liberate her from the block of ice and the difficulties he met tended only to urge him on. His man Jack, one of the models who dared anything and the only one to whom he revealed his plans, knew how to exaggerate the dangers and difficulties of the undertaking.

This he did in order to suggest that his help and the bribing of an official was imperative and required a large sum of money. Therefore all the vain efforts to raise cash. In the meantime his further visits to the ice palace had been made impossible by the director. He broaded in the solitude of his studio and his wish to liberate his love and together with her to present to humanity the most sublime gift grew in those lonely hours into an obsession.

Then came the night in which he had attempted to force fate with cards. But fate laughed and took away all he had. But like a fair woman, who repels every advance of her lover so that she may surrender when he finally despairs, so fate at last smiled and gave him Ricardo's money. Now he hesitated no longer. The very next night was decided upon for the exe

cution of the plan. It was most opportune for the employee whom Jack had won over was on watch. The keys were secured, the ice palace was unlocked and Carlton gave the two the largest tip that was probably ever received by porters.

He locked the three locks from the inside of the anteroom; he was alone. He stood still and heard the steps of the two die away in the corridors. He took a deep breath and walked with determination into the ice palace.

Ah, there she was! Why did she not leap out the ice toward him. Yet she seemed to gaze upon him and then—did it not seem as though her hand beckoned? He produced a small hatchet from his coat pocket.

"Pardon my impatience," he murmured, "if a stroke should touch you roughly!" He went to work with the imperfect implement. With infinite care and love he proceeded without paying attention to the cold which stiffened his fingers. How painfully slow was his progress; for hours, he believed, he had been at work! But it seemed as though the fair one looked at him encouragingly from time to time.

"Be patient, lover, soon I shall lie within your arms!"

The ice fell crashing in every direction. One more gentle stroke and another and another. He feared for a moment that perhaps the ice would cling to her hair. But the body was coated with a fine oil of pleasant odor so that he was enabled to lift her smooth and uninjured from her icy bed. His arms trembled, his whole body shook from the cold. Quickly he carried her into the warm and charmingly comfortable anteroom where the red flame in the grate seemed to hum an odd tune. Softly and very gently he laid her down upon the divan; her eyelids had sunk, she seemed to sleep.

Now, up with the easel and out with the colors! He painted with a zeal and an inspiration—thus no painter had ever stood before his picture. The hours flew—they seemed to be seconds. In the meantime the logs in the grate burned hotter and hotter; the room became hot beyond endurance; great beads of perspiration stood on his forehead; he believed it was the excitement that made him so warm. He took off his coat and continued to paint in his shirtsleeves.

There-did not her mouth move? He looked sharply-true

her lower lip seemed to form a smile. Carlton rubbed his eyes to brush away the dreams. But then—what is this? Her arm slid slowly down; is she beckoning to him? He dropped his brush and dashed to the divan, knelt down, grasped the little white hand with its fine blue veins. And he kissed and caressed this hand and raising his head looked at her again. With a low cry he threw himself into her arms, closed his eyes and kissed her cheeks and her mouth and her throat and the white gleaming breasts.

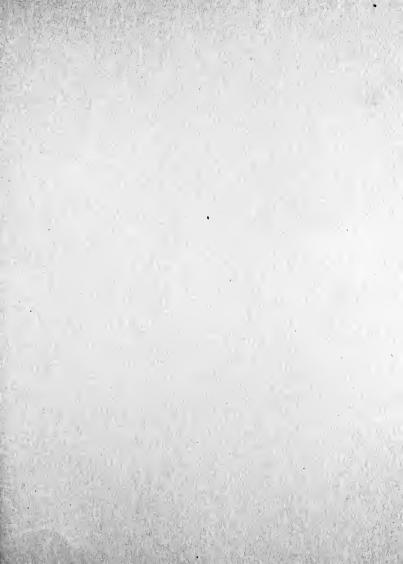
And all his love so long withheld and all his infinite longing for beauty and art he kissed upon the bosom of this woman.

But this supreme moment was followed by the most terrible. A cold, nasty slime flowed over his face. He jumped up and retreated a few steps—what was that lying upon the divan? An unbearable odor filled the room and seemed to take form in the red flames of the grate fire. And out of the corpse which was dissolving into a slimy jelly a terrible specter seemed to arise and stretch its tentacles toward him: the cruel giantess, time, was taking revenge.

He tried to escape and ran to the door—the keys, the keys! He could not find them; pulled and jerked on the door, ripped the skin from his hands and dashed his head against the unyielding door while the blood ran over his face. And ever mightier grew the terrible specter. Already he felt its cold fingers close upon his throat. He screamed like a maniac, ran to the other door and into the ice palace where in pitiful fear of death he cowered into the most remote corner.

There he was found, a poor, crazy, little mortal who once had believed that eternity could be kicked about underfoot.



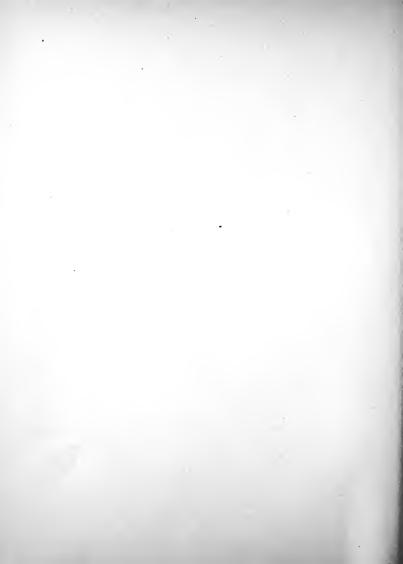






To one who knows me and yet loves me





With the sincere wish that it may rekindle their love for Him whose birth we celebrate at this season, I am retelling and printing

this little tale

for

My dear friends of the Bohemian Club

December, 1924

-KARL FUHRMAN.





THE STRANGER

(A tale of Russia)

The clay hut stands heavily oppressed, it seems, by an immense straw roof and that, in turn, is burdened with

a large stork's nest.

An old woman stands motionless by the door. Very old, indeed, she is and very small, and her little body is all a-tremble in a smock of pale red. Her clear, blue eyes are anxiously watching a cossack who is saddling his horse.

The young man is small but stocky; his hair is black and smooth and his moustache long and bristly. His slit-eyes betray tartar descent. A strap girds his coarse coat and his trousers are tucked into high boots of red leather.

He pulls the straps with his teeth and again tests the saddle, the cushion with its colored border, the great, rolled coat, two large pack sacks and a field bottle. Slowly he puts the head gear, decorated with turquoises, on his horse. The whip and lassoo hang near the stirrup.

During all this the horse stands perfectly still. It is a Ukranian horse with spider legs and angular crupper. Its large, sleepy eyes and sluggish movements do not betray the strength, the courage, the endurance it possesses.

Marko Tinorka stops with downcast eyes. He is ready for the journey. The hetman has sent him an order: Marko is to replace a fallen comrade in the Regiment to

which he was ascribed at birth.

The old woman, in the silent pain of a passive nature, cannot weep nor complain; her eyes follow every motion of the son. Beside her is crouched a young peasant woman with the high head ornament of the lately wedded; she is weeping; her head is buried in her apron and her nervous hands grasp her skirt.

Marko had married this sixteen-year-old girl two months ago. Now he goes—to be one among millions—not a being, but a thing, a Russian soldier. He knows that his wife, almost a child, from this day on is a widow. His absence will extend over long, long years. The young

woman will be exposed to dangerous and unnatural solitude and to the silent custom of the land which will consider

and treat her as a wanton.

On the steppes the horse is the companion, the friend. the child of the house. It shares the destinies, labors and meals of the Ukranian family. Like the latter, it nourishes itself on ground maize and rye bread. labors in the field and on the threshing floor. And it runs in the peasant races. Who knows-should the distance be over five miles-whether, with its long regular tempo of the prairie wolf, it would not run the lungs and life out of the full blooded English horses? Yearly, at Christmas time, it goes abroad. The sleigh follows, in a long train, hundreds of other light sleighs. cara wans bring salted fish, smoked pork, maize and oats to the far cities; all products of the Caspian Sea and the blessed steppes. It is a singularly stirring spectacle; these silent rows ever moving in the same narrow track which has been made by hundreds of horses in an even regular step, moved by an inner rhythm. The men, white with frost; their tall fur caps tower like protecting roofs above their brows. Thus they journey silently as in a dream, smoking their short pipes. Now and again their monotonous songs are heard. In the falling night, in the silence of a colorless solitude moves the horde of horses, sleighs and men. Their outlines grow in the mist of the fogs - a spectral procession; the incarnation of generations who glide slowly and indifferently through The visioning, suffering and passionate soul of these peoples is indifferent; it awakens only in three realities; in war, in work, in love.

After a moment Marko walks over toward his mother, prostrates himself before her and touches the ground with his brow. The old woman lays her hands upon his head with a biblical gesture. Tears stream over her wrinkled face and in her eyes is the terror of the dying.

With a shrill shriek the young woman has thrown herself upon her husband. She clings to him in desperation, screaming with baffled love and utter hopelessness.

Marko pushes her from him, leaps upon his horse and gallops away. In the eyes of the weeping women he appears a great phantastic bird that soars westward with wings outspread.

Marko Tinorka's regimental life was that of all other sons of the Ukraine; an incomparably proud regiment "twice his horses laved their bleeding breasts in the Seine."

Tinorka soon learned his trade. The regiment was stationed in St. Petersburg, the city on malodorous morasses—pink granite and marble set upon the mud of the Asiatic village.

Then he came to Moscow. He saw the old city in the

imperial ornamentation of its glittering Kremlin.

Moscow that was rejected by the Czar in favor of another court, Moscow—with fifty golden copulas, its slender Minaret—like bell towers and colored churches—a bed of flowers in the ice.

And Tinorka reached the dead and murderous white sea where disconsolate Northerners feed an eternal subterranean fire in underground caves. Tinorka passed through the blossoming strength of the South by the Black Sea—the realm of light, of tall and graceful men and lovable and loving women. The slavonic world is endless.

Marko and his horse fought in the campaign against Turkey. History knows their deeds; more than once they covered over thirty miles during a night to fight all the

following day.

Then he was wounded. His arm was amputated. Now,

then, Tinorka, enough! Now, go home!

Years had passed since that evening when the Cossack had left his home land. Years were blotted out of his life. He rode in short daily journeys; his horse had gone lame, its knees were bent and the breath rattled in its throat. With lowered head it trotted over the dusty roads of the Bessarabian steppes.

At last, one day, under a burning sun he saw the great stork's nest on the paternal roof. The village lay like a green bouquet amid yellow fields of rye. A peculiar odor struck the nostrils of the old race horse, the odor of burnt straw that permeates Little Russia. The horse lifted its head, pricked up its ears and with quicker steps made for the barn where it had begun life.

The door of the hut was closed, also the windows.

Marko dismounted. Not for a moment did he expect to find mother or wife; not the tiniest spark of hope. One thus torn out of his home soil, buffeted by life and fate, wrecked, old and beaten, does not expect more than an empty hut; he is incapable of the wish even to start anew; he is a Robinson Crusoe on the desert isle of life.

Marko attempted to move the rusty bolt when he heard a slight noise; the hedge stirred, the branches were parted and with astonishment he saw his mother rising laboriously and approach the stranger with the tiny steps of a child. He was shocked when he saw the starved figure. and the colorless, tortured features.

The meeting was so wholly unexpected that a feeling akin to pain swept over him on seeing her. There she was -and yet he scarcely recognized her. She appeared to him a vision inspiring fear; only her eyes were clear and penetrating as of yore. She came close to him and an unintelligible murmuring escaped her lips.

"Mother," said Marko, "where is my wife?"

She shook her head, as though saying: You surely know.

Marko put no further questions. He led the horse to the stable, and the horse neighed hoarsely at the threshhold which he had so often crossed. In the hut the mother gave the son sour cabbage and rve bread for supper.

The days dragged by wearily. Marko resumed his peasant life; his old horse pulled the plow and the harrow. In the Spring the field was green with young oats, but the Cossack grew weaker from month to month. He wasted away and his face was sunken and colorless. The amputation, done in the stress and haste of war, had touched vital parts.

He felt this but the peasant suffers silently; he spoke to no one. The terrors of gradual dissolution robbed him of sleep and hunger; he grew weary of breathing. One night his mother heard him rise and stagger out of the hut. He moved with heavy and uncertain steps. heard the creaking of the stable door. Fear and apprehension clutched her heart and she laid for hours on her bed, trembling and terrified.

At last day dawned. She arose and went into the stable. The door was open and swung in the wind. The son

was lying near the horse, breathing no more.

Marko's face appeared younger; the trace of a smile was on his lips. He had gone without fear, without a struggle.

The Cossack and his mother had neither relatives nor friends in the village and the poor, lone woman was in despair. When evening came she sank to the floor of the hut in a mute prayer of utter hopelessness.

A gentle knock came on the door. She arose slowly and puzzled, and, opening the door, faced a stranger. He was dressed in a long dark coat of coarse material held with a belt at the waist. His bearded face was pale and delicate, but his large brown eyes were full of tenderness and sympathy.

In a voice of singular warmth and kindliness he said, "Thou needest help and art in despair, but I shall aid thee."

The mother lighted a lantern, bade him follow, and led the stranger to the stable. He remained there and far into the night she heard the stranger at work with saw and hammer.

At dawn she was awakened by his knock and the two brought the son into the hut in a coffin which the stranger had fashioned.

"The tools are old and rusty," she said, "and lumber scarce, I hardly can understand—

"I did the best I could with the material at hand." And while the shadow of a smile passed over his fine features, he added, "I am a carpenter," and was gone.

It is the day before Christmas. An hour after the mysterious stranger's sudden departure the mother drags the coffin out through the door while the snow is blown in by a gust of icy wind. She pauses and with her sleeve wipes sweat and tears from her face.

Then she puts the old, worn out harness on Marko's horse and hitches him to the sleigh. Suddenly the horse sees the long coffin and raises his ears. The odor of death, as he had often scented it on the fields of battle, enters his nostrils. The mother's grey hair is blown about by the wind while she drags the coffin to the sleigh.

As the coffin falls upon it the horse startles; his thick veins swell and his red eyes are dilated. The mother bolts the door, wraps her head and shoulders in an old ragged shawl and takes up the lines. The old horse seems scarcely able to get into motion. The church is twelve miles away.



It soon becomes apparent that all is not well with the horse; his breath comes in short loud gasps and only the constant urge of the woman keeps him going at all. Once or twice his trembling legs have given away and he rises with great difficulty. After an hour of this terrible struggle he falls heavily to rise no more.

After a futile attempt to untangle the harness the old woman looks about for help, but there is only the bleak, white steppe: endless, cold and solitary.

Utterly despairing she staggers back to the sleigh and sinks upon the coffin, burying her head in her hands. How well off is he—removed forever from all pain and struggle!

She feels a light touch upon her shoulder and the pale and gentle face of the stranger looks down upon her. Too deeply moved for words she sinks into the snow at his feet. He gently raises her and bids her sit in the sleigh. Then he takes the harness from the horse and stepping between the shafts proceeds on the journey. It is difficult going and often he rests, but finally the tower of the church is visible and as the shadows of evening begin to shroud the landscape the strange little group reach the foot of the well-worn stairs that lead to the portals of the church.

A boy is tolling the bell and the priest approaches from his house nearby. He is attracted by the unusual sight before him and he turns toward the group. He is about to speak, but stands rooted to the ground a few feet away from the stranger and looks quickly from the latter's pierced and bleeding hands to his pale, sorrowful face.

The stranger puts his finger to his lips and points silently to the mother who cowers by the coffin, her head resting upon it.

The priest, overcome with awe, stoops to kiss the stranger's feet but the latter has vanished.

The mother rises and holds out a trembling hand with a few Kopeks to the priest.

"No!" shouts the priest, his voice trembling with agitation, "the Son of God himself has brought thee and thy dead! See, His very blood is there frozen upon the harness! and I saw Him! I saw Him! What a Christmas!









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